

# CATHOLIC *Interracialist*



WITHOUT INTERRACIAL JUSTICE SOCIAL JUSTICE WILL FAIL

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66

10 Cents

## Views of the Month

### Grand Jury Contradicts Self

CHICAGO.—Shocking and contradictory indictments were returned at 1 a.m., Sept. 19, by the Cook County Grand Jury investigating the July riot in Cicero. No indictments were returned against the vandals, whom the jury estimated to number about 3,000, who burned the furniture of the colored Clark family and then rendered uninhabitable the large apartment building where they were intending to live.

Chief of Police Erwin Konovsky of Cicero was charged with misconduct in public office for failing to protect the Clarks' property, thus recognizing Clark's right to move in. Then the jury turned around and indicted the Clarks' attorney, George M. Leighton of the staff of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. They also indicted Mrs. Camille DeRose, former owner of the building; George C. Adams, former attorney for Mrs. DeRose and now beneficiary of a trust currently owning the building; and Charles Edwards, real estate and rental agent for the building. The jury charged them with conspiracy to damage property, deplete the value of neighboring real estate, and incite to riot. Thus the jury maintained they had no right to rent to a colored family.

Norman Silberman was also indicted. He was reported to have been seen at the riot and, a month later, passing out Communist handbills in Cicero. But it did not indict Joseph Beauharnais, head of the White Circle League, who was also at the riot wearing an insignia which read, "Go! Go! Keep Cicero white!"

The Chicago Council against Racial and Religious Discrimination issued a statement that the Grand Jury ignored or obscured three basic issues in these indictments:

1. The actual rioting and destruction of property
2. The rights of persons to live where they choose and
3. The duty of all public officials to maintain law and order and protect the constitutional rights of all persons. The Council also asked President Truman for a Federal Grand Jury investigation. They asked State's Attorney John Boyle to take steps to nullify the Cook County Grand Jury's indictments.

Michael Mann of the CIO also asked for a federal grand jury investigation and called the indictments "legally fantastic and morally outrageous."

Atty. Leighton was released on his own recognizance by Chief Justice Thomas E. Kluczynski.

### No Bias at Baltimore Opera

BALTIMORE, MD.—The Metropolitan will present "Die Fledermaus" at the Lyric Theatre here Oct. 18, 19 and 20. There will be no discrimination as to seating arrangements. The Capitol Theatre in Washington, D. C., was refused this production because it will not admit Negroes.

### Newark Health Dept. Hires Negroes

NEWARK, N. J.—A 50-year-old lily-white staff tradition was broken when the Newark Health Department employed three colored employees. Dr. Marie Metoyer began a year's internship at the Newark City Hospital. Ferdinand Jones is now an ambulance driver. Clarence Kay was assigned as a health inspector.

### Churches Refuse Biased Invitation

ROLLE, SWITZERLAND—The following resolution was passed by the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches in answer to an invitation from South African churches which asked for a visiting delegation which would be all white:

"Agreed that the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches regrets the inability of certain churches in South Africa to receive an ecumenical delegation of a multi-racial character for the purpose of conference and fellowship with the churches of South Africa concerning difficulties arising out of race questions, but holds itself in readiness to send such a delegation when it should be welcome."

## Restaurants Illegally Refuse

### 'Where Do We Eat in D. C.?' Ask Negroes

By Adolph Schalk

IF I WERE A NEGRO and happened to be hungry and in Washington, D. C., at the same time, I would probably have to stay hungry. It would be extremely difficult for me to obtain just a normal, healthy meal.

I couldn't eat at home, because I do not live in Washington. I couldn't eat in one of the many Government cafeterias in Washington, which have a policy of serving Negroes equally with white people, because I am not a Government worker. Even if I were a government worker, I wouldn't be able to eat in the cafeterias after 8 p.m., because they close at that hour, and they do not open again until morning.



Employees of the Central Post Office, which is located four blocks from the Capitol, eat their lunch in back alleys, because nearby restaurants will not serve them.

IF I WERE A COLORED STUDENT attending a trade school in Washington, not located in a strictly Negro area, there would be hardly any place where I could buy something to eat. I couldn't bring my lunch because I wouldn't be able to afford, from my GI allotment (that is, if I were so fortunate as to have a GI allotment), a room with kitchen privileges. Even an ordinary room would cost me more than a similar room would cost my white brothers.

#### Three Months of Hot Dogs?

A MEMBER OF THE GRAND JURY, who happens to be colored, was last year required to serve three months in Washington. She was refused lunch at three cafeterias near the

courthouse and was forced to walk the long distance to upper 7th street before she could obtain lunch. She ate a hot dog and drank a coke at a standup counter—the only food served there. She was sick with distress and did not know how she could survive the ordeal for three months.

If I were a Negro I couldn't just go into a restaurant and sit down to order a meal. With some exceptions known only to a few Negroes in Washington, I would be ordered to leave, with my hunger unsatisfied, any restaurant in the District of Columbia that I might enter.

A YOUNG COLORED WOMAN tells her story: "About two weeks ago, two of my friends and I went into a restaurant on Vermont Avenue to eat lunch. The man behind the counter looked at us and started laughing, but no one said anything to us. Finally he came up to us and said, 'I'm sorry, but I

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## Inquiring Reporter Asks Negroes

### 'Do You Want to Live in White Section?'

By Bill Kingslow

WITH THE CICERO barbarity fresh in the minds of Chicago's second class citizens, the residents of the famous black belt of the huge midwest metropolis continue their ever-present battle for suitable housing.

Rat and germ plagued slums have long been standard equipment in the rambling, vastly overcrowded area bounded north and south by 31st and 69th streets, and east and west by Cottage Grove and Wentworth Avenues. Living conditions of a deplorable state have for decades been breeding places of moral perversion of every known description.

ALTHOUGH LOUDLY CONDEMNED time and again by representatives of every civic group of urban prominence, the imperative need for these victims of greed and ignorance to be completely integrated, socially and economically, into the widely advertised American culture has been repeatedly blocked by agents of Satan.

Not always, however, have the worst offenders of this blackest of black marks on western humanity been miserly landlords and rabid white supremacists. Instead, Joe Doakes and Company, by ancient excuses and mental reservations, have

deluded themselves into thinking that they are blame-free for the many injustices being heaped daily upon the Negro people.

#### "Property Protectors"

Chicago's fighting Bishop C'cil said, "When so-called defenders of property rights deny to any human being the opportunity to live on terms of honest, objective equality, they are denying the Son of God..."

While denying Christ's principles by rabidly opposing the Negro's migrations outside the black belt, most whites cannot be termed cold-blooded creatures whose enthusiastic cheers ring

out whenever black babies perish in slum fires or another Negro is carted off to the local mental hospital for emotional repairs resulting from living in a room with twelve other unfortunates.

Hampering any feelings that white Americans may have toward lessening their constant vigil against the "black menace" are the stereotype beliefs held by Caucasians that an ulterior motive exists whereby those cloaked in dark skins wish mainly to lure blue-eyed blondes into gin-scented "pads" and scatter watermelon rinds and pork chop bones throughout the surrounding neighborhoods.

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**CATHOLIC INTERRACIALIST**

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**Choose Sides—Nero or the Martyrs?**

IT IS PAINFUL to read in the Negro press the disastrous results of the Cicero outrage against the Clark family. The white press has forgotten it but the colored papers have not. They tell of its effects on colored troops in Korea as being more shattering than any Communist assault. An Arab tells that it completely nullifies American propaganda. Dick Deverall's letter on this page confirms this and notes his shame before his Indian friends because of this denial of human rights to colored people. One Negro writes that Stalin would be treated more courteously in America than the Clarks or Dr. Percy Julian although we say that Stalin is our most dangerous enemy. Most painful of all to read is the fact that the neighborhood where the Clarks hoped to live was mainly Catholic. Yet no one protested while their furniture was being burned. Some of the rioters wore medals proclaiming their devotion to the Church which Christ founded for all men.

Colored papers give credit to the Catholic magazines such as the COMMONWEAL and AMERICA which have condemned this outrage. But we are anxious for the day when each Catholic will ask himself as he examines his conscience, "Have I loved my neighbor as myself? Have I judged him rashly, saying he was not fit to be my neighbor without even knowing him? Have I injured my neighbor by denying him a decent house or a decent job or by slandering him? Have I been just to him if I am in a position of authority? Have I loved money more than my neighbor's welfare?" If each Catholic who considers himself "a good Catholic" would honestly judge his conduct by these questions and then amend his ways, the beauty of Christ's Church would be evident to men. We would then meet the standard which drew the pagans into the early Church, "Behold how these Christians love one another." It worked then. It would work now. It might lead to martyrdom. But we would be followers of the crucified Christ, not the persecuting Nero.

**Dead Not Safe From Prejudice**

We had considered that the depths of hatred for Indians was expressed by the frontier motto, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." But Sioux City, Iowa, sinks even lower in refusing burial to a Winnebago Indian who had died fighting for his country in Korea. President Truman's invitation to the white widow to bury her husband in Arlington shamed the Sioux City fathers into offering a burial place.

Such callous disregard for a widow's sorrow, such disrespect to a man who had died for our country, such foolish pride in white skin at a time when death should remind us that all men are dust and to dust we will return, cannot be condemned too strongly. Let us see to it that all such inhuman regulations are removed from each cemetery in the country.

**Christ Hurt in Members**

Spread your charity over the whole world if you will love Christ, for the members of Christ are spread over the whole world.

If you love but a part, you are separated. If you are separated, you are not in the body. If you are not in the body, you are not under the Head.

What is the use of believing and blaspheming? You adore Him in the Head; you blaspheme Him in the body. He loves His body. If you separate yourself from His body, the Head does not for that matter separate itself from the body. "In vain do you honor Me," the Head cries to you from Heaven. "In vain do you honor Me. It is as if somebody wanted to kiss your face while stepping on your feet. With his hobnailed boots he crushes your feet and tries to take hold of your head and kiss it. Do not you interrupt his show of respect with the cry, 'What are you doing, man? You are hurting Me.'"

Thus did our Lord, before ascending into Heaven, recommend to us His body through which He was to remain on earth. He could see that many would honor Him in His glory. But He could see that their honor would be of no use for they would have contempt for His members on earth.

—St. Augustine in *THE SOUL AFIRE* edited by H. A. Reinhold. Pantheon Books, 1944

**Contemplatives on the Street**

THE FIRST STAGES of contemplative prayer, however, are very common experiences in ordinary Christian life. . . . Some children receive their first taste of contemplative prayer at the time of their first Communion, when they return from the altar with the sweet realization of the presence of Jesus . . . and for a few moments forget their surroundings in the thought that now Christ Himself is with them. . . . Many persons living in the world continue to lead, or eventually return to, a devout life and experience the graces of contemplative prayer.

THEY RISE EARLY in the morning, and as they make their way to church, a feeling of peace and quiet steals over them. Though walking on the street, it nevertheless seems that God is in some manner with them. And when they enter the church, how still and quiet it seems, and how wondrous is the Sacrifice of Christ in the Holy Mass! It suffices to them to kneel and gaze at the tabernacle, and without effort their mind is filled with the realization of the Divine Presence. When the sound of the bell announces the Consecration and the advent of Christ upon the altar, they bow in silent adoration of the wondrous mystery of faith in which the Son of God offers Himself to the Eternal Father for the remission of sins. Then Jesus Himself comes to them in Holy Communion, and they know that they possess Him, and He possesses them; and in the realization of this truth they commence their daily work. While riding to the office, the New Testament or the Imitation of Christ, or the Lives of the Saints, or some other good book is in their hands, and they read and think, and think and read again, until they come to the place where they must get off and take their part in the work of the world. At their noon hour they seek out a neighboring church, where they may go and make their visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and again their mind is absorbed in a living experience of the Divine Presence, which fills them with peace and joy and happiness and great delight, and makes them yearn to will only what God wills and do only what He desires. And the sweetness of that visit abides as a sacred spiritual aroma, lightening the burden which would otherwise begin to weigh heavily at the day's decline . . .

This living in the presence of God, without effort on one's own part, during the whole period of one's mental prayer, or perhaps for hours at a time even while busying oneself with the duties of the day—this is contemplative prayer, properly so called.

By Dom Thomas Verner Moore in PRAYER pub. by the Newman Book Shop, Westminster, Maryland.

**Readers Write**

Bombay, India.

Dear Friends:

When your letter arrived I was racing around India by train, by air and by bicycle. I again leave tomorrow for Calcutta to visit the tea plantations and observe the conditions of labor. . . .

I think it would be good if some of my friends in Chicago knew that the Cicero race riots were a front page story in the newspapers of India and shocked many of our friends when they read the accounts in "Time" and "Newsweek." The whole incident was even more ghastly in terms of Indo-American relationship when you realize that the day before the race riots, the "American Reporter," official magazine of our government in India, had published a

long story in several languages telling the Indian people how wonderful relations were between the white and colored races in the U.S.A. You can imagine what they think of the character of American informational material when those hoodlums near Chicago the next day provided clear evidence of barbarism and lack of Christianity when they assaulted that colored family and then burned their furniture. I actually was ashamed of myself for a few days and avoided some of my Indian friends because, when I did meet them, the first thing they said was, "How about the Cicero riots?"

Unfortunately, the information about the interracial job done by the Catholic press never gets into these parts of the world. In fact, the reverse is almost the truth. Indeed, last

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21 West Superior St.  
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week while in South India I went to see an American moving picture one night and it was about the Ku Klux Klan. It involved the murder of a white man who had befriended a Negro in the South. I think that you should certainly let it be known by the people of Chicago that what good may have been done by sending 190 million dollars worth of wheat was probably wiped out by the Cicero race riots. I think also our people should realize that most people in Asia are not white Anglo-Saxons and they also constitute over 50 per cent of the population of the world. Therefore, any American who is a white man and who denies justice to his Negro brother is actually playing Joe Stalin's game.

Most sincerely,  
 Richard L. G. Deverall.





# Hospitality Flat

## ANONYMOUS APOSTOLATE

THIS IS THE STORY OF A PROJECT STARTED TWO YEARS AGO BY FOUR GIRLS. IT IS SIMPLE AND IT OPERATES SIMPLY.....

**WE HAVE A FOUR-ROOM** apartment which can accommodate seven comfortably. Since there are four of us, it means that we can take care of three others as well. And that's what we do. In various ways we hear about them—girls who are having family trouble, girls who are looking for jobs and have no money to support themselves until the first paycheck, girls who are confused and upset for any reason, who need to be with someone for a while—and we offer them hospitality until they can get on their feet.

The Catholic Worker Houses of Hospitality gave us our pattern of operation. We ask a very minimum of questions of those who come to us and we keep no records of names, or help given. We are by no means professional psychologists and often the problems we meet touch depths we cannot fathom. But what we have we give and that is love and interest. We know, as we give it, how inadequate it is in many cases—but we know too that many of those who come to us have never before had any concern shown for their welfare.

**THE TWO QUESTIONS** we're most often asked about the apartment are how do girls hear about it and how is it managed financially. The first question has a variety of answers. Quite a few priests and nuns send us people. So do Catholic Action groups. Then the girls who have been with us sometimes send others, and we come in contact with some cases ourselves. In one way and another we manage always to have guests. In fact, the "supply" is so constant that on the few occasions when we've had no one with us in the morning, we've been quite sure that there'd be someone by night—and there always has been.

The financial question is simply solved. The four of us have jobs, and we each contribute weekly for food, rent, and any expenses that come up in connection with the girls staying with us (such as medicine, carfare, and so forth). Now and then we receive contributions towards the work, but we don't solicit them and we feel that it is our own responsibility.

**WE HAVE A SCHEDULE** for housework, cooking, and laundry, which the girls staying with us share. Our cooks, especially, have become extremely good at stretching meals literally at a moment's notice. Sometimes we have just been sitting down to dinner when new arrivals have come up the stairs, and as they were coming we've hastily reshuffled the contents of people's plates and behold! extra dinners. Once we did this when our chaplain was having dinner with us and his unfeeling comment was "I'm glad I've already started eating!"

Our chaplain, now that the subject has come up, is practi-

cally the indispensable man. He has always been available when people staying with us have needed to see a priest for one reason or another, and he is unfailingly kind and sympathetic in the many serious problems that we have asked him to help us solve. He has given us evenings of recollection from time to time, especially slanted to our needs—a great help to us, for in a project such as ours it is very easy to become so engrossed in the small details of the life that one forgets the whole purpose behind it.

But everything isn't solemn and serious. One constant source of amusement is the impressions our neighbors have of us. Once we had a visitor who thought it would be nice to bring us a watermelon. The nearby grocer sent his delivery boy with her



to carry it. She told him the address and he responded, "Sure, I know, that's the lady missionaries." Someone else looking for us was told, "The Christians live on the top floor." Yet another person got into the wrong apartment house (they all look alike on our block) and was given minute directions as to our whereabouts by someone not known to us at all. The mailman automatically puts all mail to new names in our box. And the automatic laundry near us calls us simply "The Girls" and gives us a special rate, because we have so many sheets and towels.

### AND THINGS ARE NEVER

**DULL.** They can't be when we never know when we leave the house who'll be there when we get back. None of us is at all surprised any more to come home and be introduced to a new person who's arrived "to stay a few days," or to get in late at night and see strange new shapes in the beds. (It's always

interesting to see what the shapes look like in the morning.)

The length of time people stay with us varies greatly, from "a few days" to six months or longer, depending upon the situation involved. This brings up a really serious problem with us—that of moving people along after we feel we have done all we can for them. Women, especially, need security; need the feeling of being wanted, of belonging somewhere. And when we tell a girl that all we can offer her is temporary shelter we are, in effect, giving her something with one hand and taking it away with the other. We have often discussed this problem, but feel that the only solution to it is for other people to start apartments or houses of a permanent nature, so that girls who have been with us or with others would have a place to go after the primary need of getting a job had been taken care of. Very often girls cannot or should not have rooms alone, especially in large cities; but the current apartment shortage makes that sort of solution to the housing problem almost a necessity these days. The whole situation requires much prayer and thought, for whether a girl lives alone or with a group may easily mean the difference between saving her soul and losing it.

From the long-range point of view, we have come to realize that every single girl we have had with us has been the product of a bad or broken home. Nothing could more clearly have shown us the importance of the right sort of family life to a child. We have had girls little more than children themselves of whom we could almost predict the future unless a miracle of grace should intervene. And what can a few weeks or months in a group such as ours where Christian values are at least recognized (even if very imperfectly practiced!) hope to accomplish in the face of years of parental neglect, ill-treatment or bad example?

### THESE ARE SERIOUS MAT-

**TERS,** and we have had many discussions bearing on them—but things would be pretty gloomy, both for us and our guests, if we were continually talking about them. And of course we aren't. We try very hard to create a family atmosphere in the apartment—and families have all sorts of special jokes and traditions, stories and allusions incomprehensible to the non-member. We think that the togetherness and belonging that this engenders is very good for the girls who come to us, most of whom entirely lack a sense of security. Not that we have solemnly planned that there would be jokes, traditions, and so forth. They have grown up naturally, as in any family. One of them is Sunday morning breakfast, which is apt to last for two or

three hours, with much tea and coffee consumed and the affairs of the world settled before we break up. Another is the celebration of birthdays. We always have a corsage for the birthday girl, presents and a party, and this seems an especially good way of drawing a group together. Another, oddly enough, is our cat, Jeofry. He is plain alley, but has a very unusual



personality—we think. Anyway, he is simply wonderful for breaking the ice with a shy girl. There are endless things to talk about in connection with a cat—and especially with ours, since he has all sorts of extra claws on his front paws and is, we have to admit, rather a queer-looking specimen.

There has, of course, to be a spiritual foundation for the work we're doing. The four of us make every effort to attend daily Mass and we say Compline with fair regularity, although sometimes we omit it, because it might seem strange to girls who aren't used to the practice and they are the ones to be considered. (Sometimes, it must be admitted, it doesn't get said just because we're sleepy.) We usually have a May altar and say the rosary or the Litany of Loretto immediately after supper during May. And we have introduced the idea of the Advent wreath and blessing our Christmas tree.

### THE PURPOSE of this article,

as you may have guessed, is to tell people what we have done with the object of pointing out that almost any group could do the same. We only happen to know of one other, but there could easily be many that we know nothing of—but the point is that there could be many more and that there is a tremendous need for places such as ours. But in case you think that the undertaking is beyond

you and that people doing such a thing must be very experienced—or holy—or intelligent—we'll tell you about some of our mistakes and some of the things we have done and do and will no doubt continue to do that are far from perfect. The moral of the telling is that in spite of everything we are still alive, and still limping along.

To begin with, none of us is perfect in charity. We wish we were; things would go a good deal more smoothly if no one ever got mad, if everything always went exactly to everyone's liking, we all liked everything we have to eat, and we all agreed with each other's opinions. But it just ain't so. We have disagreements, both among ourselves and with the people who come to us. Sometimes we have made bad mistakes, but on the other hand, we've been taken advantage of quite a lot. But it evens out in the end as you find if you stick around long enough. And you get lots of practice in keeping your temper—the average is probably one blow-up for every ten times we bite our collective tongue and don't say anything.

Then there is the difficulty of lack of privacy, especially when we are full to capacity (and sometimes above; it's hard to say no to someone even if all we've got is a mattress on the floor.) The sheer strain of living together is very wearing. And if, as sometimes happens, you don't get enough sleep for two or three nights in a row, things will irritate you that ordinarily wouldn't. And if a girl is presenting a particular problem, everyone in the house will be affected and feel nervous and irritable. Sometimes for three or four months at a time there will be one big problem after another and everyone will feel like giving the whole project up. (That, incidentally, is when it's good to have a group around you, instead of just you by yourself trying to handle things. Everyone won't be down at the same time and those who are up can support the others.)

### SOMETIMES YOU JUST want

to get off in a corner and be ALONE. And that will be the time it'll be utterly impossible. So you have to reckon that all these things will be happening to you when you start thinking about such a project. It would be unrealistic to suppose that they won't—but after all, there are blue days in ordinary family life too. And there are certainly times when you wish the nicest family was anywhere but in the same house with you.

To end on a cheerful note: one of the byproducts of our project has been that we have found ourselves becoming a sort of apostolic center. There are very few "names" in the apostolate who haven't visited us at one time or another, and there is enormous encouragement to be found in the company of

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## Portland

21 N.E. Boadway  
Portland, Oregon

By Ellen Rehkopf

AUGUST WAS A FULL and busy month—marked by the finding of more new friends, the parting of some and visits from others. Our sorrow over the deaths of Flewy and Larry was relieved by the very consoling realization that now we have two F. H. staff workers in Our Father's House who will help us now even more than they did while with us in the flesh. Our good friend, Father O'Keefe left Portland to return to his work in the Middle West. We shall sorely miss him and the encouragement and help he gave us. On the other hand, we were gladdened by visits from Mary Houston (first staff worker from another house to visit us) and from Tena Roseman (our first "visiting volunteer"). Tena has been a loyal and active member of the Chicago house since its earliest days and we felt fortunate that her interest in all that pertains to F. H. inspired her to spend part of her vacation with us. Our new-found friends helped us show her the great northwest (confidentially, she, like Mary Houston, favors California!) by taking us on fascinating tours to Mt. Hood, the Columbia River, Vancouver and Portland's own beautiful "West Hills."

### Against Minstrel Shows

Our volunteer group is growing in numbers and in interest and some very lively discussions have taken place during their weekly meetings. Several of these discussions were based on pamphlets pertinent to our work, such as "Facts in Black and White" and "The Catholic Church and Negroes." Another discussion, dealing with the subject of minstrel shows, was a real help to many of us who until recently failed to see that such form of entertainment offends against both justice and charity. Such shows perpetuate the stereotype concept of the Negro as a sub-human being, thus increasing his burden in striving to overcome second-class citizenship to which he has been relegated by so many in this (so-called) Christian democracy of ours. The minstrel show is opposed to truth because it misinforms. It is opposed to love because it is an affront to our brethren. Our Vols discovered their oneness in other ways besides studying together: in praying together at weekly Compline and at our Dialogue Communion Mass; in working together painting the children's center, selling Catholic Interracialists and in the numerous routine jobs of the library, office and kitchen; and in playing together at our monthly social gathering (a "pot-luck" supper followed by folk-dancing and a picnic at Laurelhurst Park). The children's center is almost completely redecorated now—all blue-green, soft yellow and cheerful red—to welcome our small friends back again this fall. We are most grateful to those who helped provide the equipment and labor.

### St. Vincent Stuck

The program staged by the children and Ann Stull on Parent's Night, which wound up the

six week Summer Day Camp, was a "howling" success, veritably! Particularly memorable was the folk-dancing executed by the girls (dancing on their feet) and directed by Ann (dancing with her fingers from the back row of the audience); the "classic" rendition of Cinderella; and the inspiring play "St. Vincent de Paul" performed by the male members of the group, wherein the noble but rather chubby saint and the kindly and even chubbier fisherman got unexpectedly wedged in an undersized fishing boat, thereby causing some delay in the performance and much appreciation on the part of the audience!

### Bavarian Editor Speaks

Our forums this past month were particularly stimulating. Father Donnelly's review of Maritain's "Man and the State" was very timely and thought-provoking; Bill Berry of the Urban League gave us a vivid picture of the interracial situation in Portland in his talk entitled "Unfinished Business"; F. H.'s own Mary Houston led us in a spirited discussion on "Interracial Techniques"; and Otto Knab, former editor of a Catholic daily in Bavaria, in his talk on "Racism Is Sin" stirred our consciences as only those can who have first-hand knowledge of the results of this evil.

### Our Lady's Juggler



Children at Chicago Ett

## Washington

814 7th St. S.W.  
Washington 4, D. C.

By Pat Kelly

STAFF AND VOLUNTEERS of St. Peter Claver Center recently enjoyed a day of recollection at the newly refurbished Howard University Newman Club through the courtesy of Fr. McGovern, chaplain of the Club. Fr. Titus Cranny, S.A., retreat-master, gave us a very lucid explanation of the much neglected virtue of simplicity. We are finding it not so simple a virtue to practice, however.

### New Staffworker

WE ARE GRATEFUL to the Holy Ghost for the gift of a new staff worker. Charlie Slack, erstwhile volunteer, became a staff worker the first of October. We are also fortunate

in having as a visiting volunteer, Tom Hadden, seminarian for the diocese of Raleigh, North Carolina.

### Autumn Picnic

A LARGE CROWD turned out for the last of the volunteer monthly picnics. In the crisp autumn air there were games, songs and roasted hot dogs by the firelight. "The best yet," they said.

### Constructive Letters

THE VOLUNTEER PROGRAM is an active one now that the weather is getting cooler. Among other things, they have organized a letter-writing committee which is persevering in congratulating, pleading with or excoriating newspapers, restaur-

# AROUND FRIEND

## Harlem

34 West 135th St.  
New York 30, N. Y.

By George Newland

### F H Farm Home

HARLEM STILL ECHOES sighs of relief from Mary Ryan and Mary Lou Hennessey, as well as other members of the farm staff, in joyful thanksgiving for the end of a fuller summer of kid's camps, schools, and just plain people. We'll hope the benefits received compare to the labor expended in making the farm the "home" it was this year. As the poet says: "It takes more than a heap of livin' to make a house a home..."

### Mr. Wu and the Dance Funds

NOT ONLY WAS August a busy month at the farm, but the city house had its share of activity too. In addition to having Mr. Wu, international author and diplomat, with an overflow crowd of literary adherents, the month began in a festive manner with a dance for the benefit of the Portland House. The tenth of the month saw decorous trimmings in Corpus Christi

Hall—in contrast to dour faces on the eleventh. The "benefits" had disappeared—as well as the strong-box which held them, and other important papers, titles, etc.! Near despair blanketed the house as amateur sleuths filled the flat with their fingerprint powder, magnifying glasses, logic books and fox caps. "Volunteer" detectives from Bronx, Queens, and from far away Brooklyn appeared at the scene. Ensuing conversation and coffee failed to clarify the disappearance. Baffled by lack of evidence, all awaited the return of Miss Foley and her official pronouncement.

On Monday, "intuitive Annie" arrived from her Boston vacation. The lament of the underlings had hardly died down when Anne, with "firm step and majestic instancy," (she weighs about ninety pounds) strode to the laundry hamper and produced the missing from among the folds! Who or how remains unanswered—and unasked. (Ed. note.—"Aids to Poor Memories" is missing from the library.)

### Wayne Goes—J.G. Comes

PERSONNEL CHANGES at the House constantly make news. Wayne Keith's parting for the fertile fields of Portland Friendship House leaves a heartfelt vacancy in the staff, as well as the whole neighborhood. Thankfully, Jim Guinan has returned once again to the fold after an absence of five months—so the leaving of one friend is atoned by the arrival of another. Vacations are also in order at present. Fortunately, the zeal of the volunteers has carried the House through those times when adequate staff was unavailable.

### How About This?



Jean Lang and Youth Club Mem.

rants, and theatres according to their admittance or non-admittance of Negroes to their establishments. In cooperation with the Coordinating Committee for the Enforcement of the D. C. Anti-discrimination Laws they are especially concentrating on one of our larger department stores which refuses to admit Negroes to its lunch counter.

### Paul Hume

RECENTLY, THE CENTER was fortunate in having as

### PLATFORM OF FRIENDSHIP

WE BELIEVE in the sublime doctrine of Christ—for He is the Mystical branches. He is the Head and we

WE BELIEVE that the fruit of the Redemption is the Brotherhood of theherhood of God.

WE BELIEVE that we are our brother's personal responsibility, therefore welfare of that brother in Christ men, irrespective of Race, Nationality, Christ died for ALL mankind.

WE BELIEVE that a lasting social order achieved only by a Christian Social Christian Social Justice which Justice.

### VIRGINIA ACCEPTS FRIENDSHIP

RED LEAVES on the gum tree already? We looked up today from the Rosary on the front porch and saw them blazing forth to say summer is over. This morning we picked some of the ripe pumpkins to can for pies later on. Seems like just a few days ago we were planting those pumpkins.

Chris Rasmussen and I returned to the farm after the Information Course had closed the last of April. We started planting garden in earnest. The farm had been officially opened, for its first season, with the Blessing earlier in April.

Here we were, representing Friendship House in the South for the first time, but we had to confess a greater preoccupation with seeds than with the race question. We talked with the neighbors over the garden fence, but it was set onions we discussed. We found common ground. We got along fine.

### AND NATURE SMILED

BORN FARMERS, Chris and I took to the soil, but our backs ached and the June sun was hot down here. We thought Nature would abound for us in nothing but weeds. But then the vegetables started coming in, and Lo! the apples were falling! We were deluged! June, July and August were suddenly all jumbled together into one big mass of—

Apple sauce (butter, jelly), Picking "blackcaps". Hoeing, hilling, spraying—an insect for every plant,

speaker on the Monday night forum, Paul Hume, music critic for the Washington Post, who spoke on "The Church and Music." Mr. Hume drew more than a capacity crowd.

### Men Need Warm Clothes

THE FALL RUSH on clothing for children going back to school is about over but the rush for warm jackets by the brothers Christopher is getting heavier all the time. Soon it will be overcoats. It is hard to keep the clothing room stocked with enough to supply the demand.

### Thanks for Matt Masle

ALTHOUGH ST. PETER CLAVER Center could not point with pride to a renovated and redecorated house on the feast of its patron, September 9th, at

The then out lake, Summ got sick Tom Little Tryin bread, Sheet time . . . And j covered Farmer helping lines ca and we not get that's h

Now is a su aware song. I on the she pau we paus apples c most br too excit fer to ru for chinc find time look out ing in g about t armful What ha

PLENTY WEEK W buzz welcome of week and oth

least we ished an think. V a specia Ghost as to his b brush th accompl three ch vols who erously

Cats WE A n whom we thing ab this hou mother c four hea kittens i the hous ed Marti



# FRIENDSHIP HOUSES

## THE MYSTICAL BODY OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

The sublime doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ is the Mystical Vine and we are the leaves and the fruit of the Incarnation and the Brotherhood of Man under the Father.

we are our brother's keeper and have responsibility, therefore, before God, for the brother in Christ and this embraces all of Race, Nationality or Color . . . for ALL mankind.

a lasting social order and peace will be brought by a Christian Social Order based on Justice which includes Interracial

## CONCEPTS FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

The weather. Too dry and then our garden turned into a lake,

Summer squash and how we got sick of it! "Beets endlessly!" Tomatoes and the blight, Little stubby carrots.

Trying recipes for whole wheat bread, Sheeting jelly for the first time . . .

And just the other day we discovered St. Isadore, Patron of Farmers, who could have been helping us all summer! Deadlines came and went for the CI and we felt a little guilty about not getting this article in, but that's how it was . . .

Now in mid-September there is a sudden stillness. We are aware again of the cricket's song. Dame Nature is resting on the side of the hill. And as she pauses to catch her breath, we pause. We notice a few red apples dangling from the top-most branch, but we can't get too excited about them. We prefer to rummage in the tall grass for chinquapins and walnuts. We find time to sit on the porch and look out across our valley splurging in goldenrod . . . and think about the summer in one big armful. What has happened? What have we accomplished?

**PLENTY WORK—SOME PLAY**  
**WEEK-ENDS HERE** were buzzing with activity, and a welcome relief from the routine of week-day canning, gardening and other farm chores. A full

least we can say it is almost finished and looks wonderful—we think. We consider Matt Masle a special gift from the Holy Ghost as it is almost entirely due to his hammer, saw and paint brush that so much has been accomplished. We want to give three cheers for all the part time vols who have also given us generously of their spare time.

**Cats for Martin's Rats**  
**WE ARE IN THE MIDST** of a novena to Blessed Martin whom we are asking to do something about the rat situation in this house. In the meantime a mother cat decided to have her four healthy (very pink nosed) kittens in the stable in back of the house. Perhaps this is Blessed Martin's answer.

house almost every week-end (15-20). Volunteers and friends who came to study or work, or just get away from Washington. There was always someone new, who got a first taste of Friendship House life at Maria Laach, if it was only in the soup. But we did see new ideas dawning and opinions taking shape. So a farm tucked away in the Virginia hills can still be the point of contact with the outside world, where FH ideals must be spread.

Father Stephen Hartdegen, O.F.M., laid down some dynamic principles on the dignity of manual labor in our first study session; principles we worked on all summer long. The farm no longer looks like an unwanted stepchild. She has that air of being lived in. The lawn's clipped down close for the first time in years and the roof has a gay coat of red roofing paint.

Many an unsuspected or underdeveloped talent, with saw and hammer and hoe and pitchfork, came out into the open this summer. And we have a hunch many a callous was borne proudly back to the government office; the bearer feeling more like "the whole man" after a week-end of hard work.

We also studied the Mass, Liturgy, Poverty, Vocations and The Bible.

Our evenings we spent as informally as the days, with no "planned" Christian recreation, but plenty that was spontaneous. We played charades or tried some rousing folk dances or turned the evening into a talent show as the mood took us.

**MASS COMES TO LIFE**  
**HIS EXCELLENCY** Bishop Ireton of Richmond had given us permission for Mass to be celebrated at the farm. We set up the altar in front of the fireplace and participated in the Mass with either a Missa Cantata or Missa Recitata. One morning, Mass was celebrated on the front porch, with the priest

corn and wine and oil." Now we understood.

**WHAT DO THE NEIGHBORS THINK?**  
These were the things that happened this summer on our hill. The tangible things we can talk about. We know the bin is full of potatoes and we can count the jars of canning. We know the Vols got a lot out of the summer because they tell us so. But there exists the world just beyond our little hill which we are constantly asked about, but which we cannot know about. The hidden world of the mind—that intangible thing that has been termed the "Southern Mentality."

We have no lynchings or race riots to report as some half-way expected. Neither do we have any amazing conversion stories to tell. We seem to be accepted by our neighbors although it is not always so with our Negro members. Nevertheless there is a neighborliness that exists between us, and that is enough of a victory for one summer. As for our fellow parishioners, we must conclude that to date we have not been received warmly into the life of the parish. Nor has any positive interest manifested itself in our work on the part of our fellow Catholics. Our invitations to visit the farm have gone unaccepted, with a few notable exceptions.

**St. Maur's Priory**  
14 miles west on Bowling Green, Ky., on U.S. 68  
Benedictine Monastery  
High School and College  
For Priesthood Students and Brother Candidates  
For information write: The Very Rev. Prior, South Union, Ky.

around and about Chicago, fall activities are getting underway.

**Cath. Interracial Club in Cicero**  
**OF PARTICULAR INTEREST** is the formation of a new interracial group in the western suburbs — which includes the rather too well known town of Cicero. Thirty Catholics have formed the west suburban unit of the Catholic Interracial Council of Chicago.

Throughout August and September the group has been meeting every two weeks for talks and discussions, educating themselves on the facts of the racial situation, and how to make interracial justice a reality in their neighborhoods.

The group hopes to work with other organizations and individuals in the area to bring this

## We Love Our New Piano



Gift of Chicago South Side Couple

But at least we no longer hear rumors of people leaving Mass because of our interracial groups, who have been attending the small parish church all summer. And nowadays there are always a few friendly smiles after Mass to encourage us. That's all we know.

## SHOUTING FROM THE HILLTOPS

But do we need to know, after all, just exactly how much progress, or lack of it, we have made this summer? We know we have been the examples Cardinal Suhard calls for to restore the world to Christ—not merely apologists for our faith.

We haven't done much talking this summer about prejudice and discrimination and race equality, but we have done a lot of living. And we have not hidden our candle under a bushel. How could we, living here on this hill, the focal point of the countryside? We have lived like true members of Christ's Mystical Body, and our example is too daring, too unheard of, to be ignored. It has shouted what we believe from our hilltop.

What more do we need to know!

We've had a good summer. God who has loaded our vines with pumpkins has given us abundant grace to be Christ bearers.

## Chicago

4233 So. Indiana Ave.  
Chicago 15, Ill.

By Mary Dolan

about. A membership drive is also being conducted.

Officers are:

Ed Kralovec, Forest Park, president; John Keane, Oak Park, vice-president; Eleanor Skemp, Oak Park, recording secretary; Jeanne Morrissey, River Forest, corresponding secretary; Dr. William Buckingham, Oak Park, treasurer. Board members are George Zak, Forest Park; Olga Merekov, Cicero; and John Farrell, Oak Park.

May their work prosper!

## Conference on Human Relations

**"WHAT CICERO MEANS"** is the topic for the annual Fall Conference on Human Relations, sponsored by the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination. The conference will be held October 13 and 14 at International House of the University of Chicago. It is open to the public. Registration fee is \$1.

The Council (CCARRD) is a coordinating agency. It represents over a hundred organizations in Chicago and suburbs. Chicago Friendship House is one of the member organizations, and Betty Schneider, director general, is on the board. The group has done fine work in coordinating the work of the many organizations. Dr. Waitstill Sharp is executive secretary.

## F. H. College Institute

**BESIDES WORKING** with such groups as CCARRD, Chicago Friendship House is also busy on programs within the House.

Plans for a College Institute early in November are now being made. This is the second annual Institute. Students and teachers from Catholic schools in the Chicago area are invited to spend a day at the House, discussing ways and means of working for interracial justice in their schools.

Edith Strom is chairman. Edith is also the newly elected chairman of the Volunteer Council, the group which works with the staff in planning the monthly program of the House and volunteer activities. Two new Council members, appointed last month, are Phyllis Miller and Chester Holladay. They replace Joan Kawaguchi and Charley Lumpkin, two of Chicago's oldest—in point of service, only—volunteers.

## Speakers in Training

One of the volunteer programs for the fall is a Speaker's Training Group. By practicing on one another, the volunteers hope to become adept enough at speaking and handling questions to help in the work of lecturing.

Friendship House frequently is requested to send a speaker or a panel of speakers to school clubs, neighborhood organizations, parish meetings. The House is always glad to send speakers. The only return asked is the carfare so the speakers can get there and back. It is always important that we use every possible means for carrying the ideals of Friendship House and the lay apostolate as a whole to new communities and new groups.

Any readers who would like a speaker from Friendship House to talk to their clubs or classes are invited to contact the House nearest them.



## 'Where Do We Eat

(Continued from Page 1)

can't serve you girls sitting down.' We asked how he expected to serve us then—standing up? Then he told us he couldn't serve us at all. We got up and left."

If I were a Negro in Washington, D. C., and couldn't find a place to eat, I'd be interested in the reasons why I couldn't eat in public places alongside my white brothers, and I'd investigate. I would then discover that restaurants in Washington have discriminated against Negroes for a long time. If I dug deep enough, I might find in an old yellow newspaper clipping an item like that which appeared in the Washington EVENING STAR, July 20, 1872. There I would read that "some restaurants serve food and drink to all colors alike," but that other restaurants "put up cards with enormously large prices marked on them." I would then look with astonished eyes at the prices that restaurants in those pre-inflation days charged for food. Ham and eggs, I would find, were marked on that 1872 menu for \$3.00. But if I would read a little farther the matter would become clear. For the same restaurants that charged \$3.00 for ham and eggs also posted signs that read, "A liberal deduction to our regular patrons."

### D. C. Self-Government Had Good Laws

But then a little further research would bring more matter to light. "This was 1872," I would recall, "and in that year, as well as in 1873, the citizens of the District of Columbia enjoyed a brief period of local suffrage. Though today, 1951, citi-

zens who live inside the District of Columbia are unable to vote, there was this brief period in which the District citizens held the right to elect their own representatives and to pass their own laws."

**I WOULD BE PLEASED TO** notice that the citizens of the District of Columbia, during that short period, were conscious of social problems and actually did something about them. I would remember that they passed a law prohibiting discrimination against "any well-behaved or respectable person" because of color, in restaurants, soda fountains, hotels and other public establishments.

### Fined for \$2 Dish of Ice Cream

If I dug a little deeper, I would find another interesting item in the Washington EVENING STAR of November 2, 1872. There I would read that Freund's fashionable ice cream parlor had its license revoked and was fined \$100 because it charged \$2 each to two Negroes who had ordered dishes of ice cream.

### Restaurants Break Law Openly

Further investigation would reveal that the 1872-1873 anti-discrimination laws were held by the Municipal Court of Appeals (May 24, 1951) to be valid and still in effect. But if I were to leave the library where I was doing my research, and walk two blocks in any direction (since I would now be in the downtown section of Washington, just about halfway between the Capitol and the White House, and near the Lincoln Memorial)—if I entered a restaurant to obtain a meal I would be

refused, even though the restaurant owner would be breaking the law in doing so.

A mixed—white and colored—group went into a downtown restaurant recently for a meal. They were refused on the basis of the colored people present. "Have you heard of the 1872 law?" one of the group asked the waitress. "That law hasn't been passed yet," was the curt reply.

Then I would inquire about; and I would learn what was wrong. Even though the higher court of the District of Columbia has upheld the anti-discrimination laws as valid, corporation counsel Vernon E. West, who is entrusted with enforcing the law, has encouraged restaurants to defy the law by announcing to the newspapers that he would not enforce the 1872 Act pending the discretionary review of the United States Court of Appeals.

### District Commissioners at Fault

Then I would read, and I would discover that on July 24, 1951, the District Commissioners backed West's decision not to enforce the 1872, 1873 law until a final court decision is given on a test case. According to Commissioner F. Joseph Donahue, the enforcement of the law "would serve no useful purpose" and would "start an endless chain of prosecutions that would clutter the calendar of the court to no avail."

One protesting citizen, I would read in the letters to the editor section of one of the local papers, regards the action (or rather inaction) of the Commissioners as "uniquely defiant of a court decision."

"If the logic of the Commissioners," he wrote, "is carried to its ultimate conclusion, then it becomes perfectly all right when crime is rampant not to prosecute, because it would 'clutter the court calendar.'"

### Hypocrisy Rampant at Hecht's

If I were a Negro and had been present in Washington, D. C., I might have noticed a full page ad that appeared in the Washington POST on February 19, 1951. It was an ad that boldly supported World Brotherhood Week and was sponsored by The Hecht Company, Washington's largest department store. There I would see a striking picture of hands clasped in friendship, and I would read stern words against "the disturbing and undermining racial and religious antagonisms in America."

"Brotherhood is an empty vision," the ad strongly said with its bold, sharp lettering in heavy ink, "until we live as brothers in our states, communities, and neighborhoods, day by day and year by year."

Shortly after the ad had appeared, a group of prominent Washingtonians, including Dr. John J. O'Connor of Georgetown University, presented themselves to an official of the store. "We want to tell you how much we appreciate your interest in World Brotherhood Week," the delegation told the Hecht Co. spokesman. "But we are very much concerned to discover that Negroes are not served at Hecht's lunch counter, and so we felt it proper to bring this matter to your attention."

One member offered moral reasons for serving Negroes at the lunch counter. "How," he asked, "can you reconcile your splendid advertisement with your practice of discrimination at your lunch counter?"

The store official apologized,

## Exterior

## Harlem and Bronzeville

### THREE SAD ELM TREES

stand in front of Harlem Hospital with their roots on top of the subway and under the hot pavements. Quite a contrast to the flowers and trees around homes in the South Side of Chicago, popularly known as Bronzeville. In some of the front yards near Chicago Friendship House are four o'clocks forming little hedges of red or yellow blossoms opening around four o'clock. Purple and rose morning glories greet us on our way to Mass; and zinnias, marigolds and petunias add to the display. Quite a contrast to the ugly brick buildings of Harlem!

### Flowers and Stockyards

Blessings on the planners of Chicago who put alleys down the middle of each block! They kept the garbage cans off the street. They left room for a back yard where there may be a garden or a place for children to play safely or a tree for a robin's nest. And the air is fra-



grant with the fresh smell of trees, grass and flowers. Families often live there in garages or stables, in spite of the regulation that there should be no dwelling within twenty feet of the alley. Of course, when the wind is from the west we can smell the stockyards. It smells sometimes as if everyone were boiling hams. At other times, it's like the smell of lard being rendered. But these are healthy odors compared to the smoke and carbon monoxide of Harlem.

### VERY FEW POLICEMEN,

with their stars like western movie sheriffs, are to be seen on the streets of Bronzeville except for traffic policemen with their wavering whistles. Quite different from the Harlem scene, where a couple of mounted policemen are usually in view and

but stated that it was the store's policy not to serve Negroes, and that there was nothing he could do about it.

"You know we don't believe in that ad any more than the people who read it believe in it," he said. "How do you think the Hecht Co. got as big as it is? Trying to treat people right? The Hecht Co. is interested primarily in making money. To prove we didn't do so bad—we made \$80 million last year."

Yes, if I were a Negro in Washington I would face a lot of difficulties. But I would never stay there long enough to face them. I would be stopped, I think, just by the fact that in the capital of the United States of America I couldn't even sit

sometimes one of the force on foot. But Chicago's police force is notoriously undermanned and it is considered impossible to police the alleys. So Brink's armored cars are very much in evidence delivering payrolls and collecting receipts. And currency exchanges cash checks through their windows of bullet-proof glass.

Harlem streets are much more congested than those of Chicago's South Side. The buildings are probably as overcrowded in one place as the other. But Chicago buildings here are only about half as tall as the Harlem ones and not as jammed together. If all the people in the United States were packed together as close as those in Harlem (which Heaven forbid!) they would all fit into the island of Manhattan. But some of the old wooden buildings in Chicago are terribly dangerous. They are always in danger of fire and we often read of them collapsing, leaving many people homeless. The few uninhabited ones are hangouts for dope addicts or derelicts. In Harlem there are no uninhabited buildings in evidence.

### Old Mansions

### BOTH HARLEM AND

Bronzeville were once considered aristocratic residence districts. There are still sizable sections where the fine old homes are as beautifully kept up as they ever were. Alexander Hamilton's mansion is on Sugar Hill in Harlem and also the Jumel mansion. Both of these are now public museums. On the southern side of the lovely old colonial Jumel mansion with its wide lawns and big trees is a famous Harlem address, 555 Edgecombe Avenue. Here many Negro celebrities live in fine, beautifully furnished apartments looking down on the old mansion and the East River. Chicago's South Side mansions are Victorian and are now occupied by colored professional and business people who probably have more refinement than the original owners.

Harlem has more churches within a ten-minute walk from Friendship House—St. Mark the Evangelist, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Aloysius and All Saints'. Chicago Friendship House has only St. Elizabeth's, formerly a school hall. It has been used as a church since the beautiful old one was burned when the neighborhood was "changing." Corpus Christi is about twice as far away on broad, tree-lined South Parkway. But its beauty is well worth the walk. One huge window shows St. Clare on top of the wall of her convent in Assisi holding up the Blessed Sacrament in a monstrosity while the Saracens halt their attack on the gate. Another window shows Our Lord feeding the multitude and a third shows Blessed Pius X in a procession with the Blessed Sacrament. Vividly we are reminded that Christ our Lord is present in a special manner in these churches of Harlem and Bronzeville and that He welcomes His colored children with these tender words, "Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

—by Mabel Knight



## Hospitality Flat

(Continued from Page 3)

those who have done so much in the various fields of the apostolate. One no longer feels as if one is working all alone, but gets a notion of the Mystical Body, really in action, of which one is really a part. But there's a warning here too (and another mistake we've been guilty of making). Our apartment, or any other apostolic work, is for the sake of Christ in the people who need help, not for the sake of "visiting firemen" who may come and pat us on the back and say that we're doing good work. While this is going on, the girls who are our reason for being may be sitting in a corner feeling like exhibits on parade, or something to be talked about. This is the worst of it, but only

less worse is the pitfall of shop-talk—of busy chatter about the apostolate in front of those who know nothing of it and who consequently feel left out. It's a fatally easy thing to do and something we have constantly to guard against.

**BUT THE REAL** compensations are, of course, spiritual—when a girl returns to the sacraments or changes her way of life and we have reason to think that we have been one of the channels through which grace has flowed, we feel that our efforts have been very slight indeed for such a wonderful reward.

But we can never ruminate about such things for very long. There always seem to be dishes to do.



## Speak Up for Justice

# READ! LEARN THE ANSWERS!

**NO POSTPONEMENT** by Rev. John LaFarge, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, N. Y., 1950, Pp. 246. \$3.00.

Reviewed by Betty Schneider.

**THERE CAN BE** "no postponement," Fr. LaFarge reminds us, for the job that America is called upon to do in the world today. By our very position and size, we as Americans have a leadership, yet "all our power means nothing, it spells even worse disorder, unless our spiritual leadership corresponds to our material strength." And we can give the desired leadership, despite our shortcomings, only if we muster our full moral potential, which involves, above all, recognition of God as the giver of all rights.

A full recognition of God, who gives all men their human dignity, can in turn come only through corporate and social worship, translated into a complete philosophy of life. Catholic interracial groups have been quick to sense this, and without exception have started from the logical basis, by promoting a deep interest in the liturgy, and actual participation in it. Not only members of the special groups, however, but all of us, as Catholics, are needed to help form moral leadership. We might well begin with the Mass, which is the best action, the center and the beginning. Grasping from it the nature of the Church's corporate worship, we will begin to see more clearly our obligations of justice and charity to all peoples. With that vision, we can start blazing a trail for a real brotherhood, built on the fatherhood of God. The Mass, lived, is the dynamite, the great power against which the atom bomb pales. The author begs us not to reject it.

Following this, Catholic interracial programs are discussed, showing just how they have been built on the solid foundation of the Christ-life and the liturgy, and broadened by the use of the natural means God has put at our disposal. The author gives a history of the Catholic Interracial Council of New York, which has had profound influence not only in New York, but as a pattern for other groups throughout the country. He notes the work of such groups as Friendship House, Fides House, and the Clergy Conference on Negro Welfare, and shows what can be done with college groups. He gives examples of interracial parishes which are successful, and suggestions to the pastors of "changing parishes."

**ALWAYS QUIET** in his reasoning and always logical, the well-known Jesuit feels that our principles must be supported by legislation, and that we are missing our full task if we disavow the need for organization because we see the failures of bureaucracy. "It is not by rejecting the aid of organized work but by making it the servant, not the tyrannical master of the human person, that we may hope to see justice and charity make their influence felt in a community." If we are to have a friendly world, if indeed we are to have a world, we must be willing to pray diligently and to work patiently and painstakingly to understand all peoples and make others do so. The job, in the author's opinion, demands well-rounded, social apostles.

The book is a warning and a challenge. It shares with its readers the wisdom and experience of a man who has lived close to God and to the difficulties of minorities. It gives no simple formula for a peaceful world, but sets forth simple, clear principles, and techniques which have proven themselves in the "trying." We heartily hope that the conclusions it tenders will provoke not only deep interest but intelligent action.—Reprinted from *Orate Fratres*.

## Inquiring Reporter

(Continued from Page 1)

**NIGHTMARES** of crap games and razor duels haunt the restrictive covenant ambassadors. "Negroes don't want to better their conditions," these superficial thinkers say. "What they really want is to crash our social sets—marry our daughters and tear down what we have built up. Why," they gasp, "every time you turn around, there's another mixed marriage! No, keep them out. . . . Let them solve their own problems. We'll have none of this Communistic stuff!"

### What Do Negroes Want?

Meanwhile, "the white man's burden," faced with destitution of the rankest sort under the current situations, slowly attempts to escape his housing dilemma by branching out, when permitted by vacancies, into areas that are "turning over." He is greeted only too often by "incidents." Incidents like the affair in Cicero which caused New York's Governor Dewey so much embarrassment in Singapore and tainted the costly Voice of America crusade with hypocrisy.

**THE CATHOLIC** Interracialist decided that the best way to combat the idea that Negroes want to move "west of Cottage" primarily to mongrelize the races was to undertake an inquiring reporter role, sending two of its leg-men out into different pulse centers of Bronzeville to ask the questions: "A. Would you like to live in a white neighborhood? B. Why?"

**SOUTHSIDE** residents representing a cross-section of different economic and social strata were contacted and the expected variation in answers ensued:

"Not necessarily," answered Charles Bournique, a public school teacher residing at 5537 S. Prairie Avenue, when asked Question A. "What I want is a better neighborhood. The racial composition of my neighbors wouldn't matter as long as they were decent, civic-minded and clean."

"Only if I liked the type of white neighborhood and the location served my purposes," said Edward Jordan, 447 E. 40th St., a stock room supervisor.

## READ

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Ed. by Frank Riley

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**INTERRACIAL HOUSING** by Morton Deutsch and Mary Evans Collins. xv and 173 pp. Univ. of Minnesota Press. \$3.

**THIS BOOK WAS**, I suppose, necessary for scientifically minded people. It is the report of a detailed study of four public housing projects, two segregated and two unsegregated. By dint of dozens of interviews, charts, and probabilities combined according to the formula  $M = -2 \sum \log p$ , M being distributed in the form of chi-square with degrees of freedom equal to twice the number of probabilities being combined, the authors discovered that if you have Negro neighbors you are less likely to be prejudiced than if you haven't, and that there is more knowledge and understanding between races in non-segregated housing projects than in segregated. For a long time some of us have suspected that this might be the case, but now it's scientifically established, and if anyone tries to tell you that Negroes and Whites are naturally incompatible, just you tell him about M being distributed in the form of chi-square.

**IN A RECENT ISSUE** of *Commonweal* Father Daniel Cantwell mentions this book. His feeling is that it has been rather a waste of time, both because it establishes conclusions obvious to common sense and because it's written in typical thesis style, away above the heads of most people. He says "Is it expected that merely on the basis of the evidence here housing administrators will determine on interracial pattern for their projects?" One, at least, did. On page 130 there's a statement by Louis Danzig, the director of Newark's Housing Authority, which reads in part, "A new policy for locating tenants is now in effect in Newark's eight public housing projects . . . henceforth all apartments are to be allocated on a basis of need, regardless of race, religion, and color. . . . In large measure, this change in fundamental policy reflects the impact of the study reported in this book. The study has served as a catalyst to the re-examination of our basic interracial policies in housing and as a stimulus to their change." If no one but Mr. Danzig has read this book, I'd say it's been worth while. Long may M and chi-square wave!

One other comment: In an appendix on the nature of prejudice, the authors say that we see skin color rather because it's a mark of social distinction than because it's something that we'd ordinarily note. This may not seem true, they comment, but consider, for example, how red-heads would stand out if they had to go to the rear of buses or were confined to certain residential areas. It's true! Think about it.



## Ma Lord

By Langston Hughes

Ma Lord ain't no stuck-up man.  
Ma Lord, He ain't proud.  
When He goes a-walkin'  
He gives me His hand.  
"You ma friend," he 'lowed.

Ma Lord knowed what it was to  
work,  
He knowed how to pray.  
Ma Lord's life was trouble, too,  
Trouble every day.

Ma Lord ain't no stuck-up man.  
He's a friend o' mine.  
When He went to Heaben,  
His soul on fire,  
He told me I was gwine.  
He said, "Sho, you'll come wid  
Me  
And be ma friend through eter-  
nity."

Reprinted through the kindness of Mr.  
Hughes and Alfred A. Knopf, pub-  
lishers of *THE DREAM KEEPER* in  
which this poem originally appeared.

**"NO! . . . HELL, NO!"** Ted Mouton, a 43rd St. dweller, answered the reporter's query as to whether he entertained any aspirations to integrate. "I hate white people and might have to kill a few of them if they messed with me. I'll take 43rd St."

"Yes, I'd like to live in a white neighborhood if I thought it would improve my standard of living," said Robbie Lee Reed, a housewife living at 4219 Wabash.

William Stovall, a Negro who

lives in a white neighborhood, said he can't complain about his recent move to buy his present building. "I mind my own business, my neighbors do the same. We maintain a mutual enthusiasm for the welfare of the block and it works out all right. However, if the block was all-Negro and lacked the ghetto effect, I feel confident it would have the same atmosphere and I would continue to mind my own business and work for the good of the neighborhood."

Mrs. Lydia M. De Priest, 6128

Evans Ave., public school teacher and secretary for the Washington Park Improvement Association, also voiced her preference for a "better neighborhood" and not a "white neighborhood, period! The word 'integration' applies to moral and economic equality for the Negro. Social integration is a personal matter which comes when people, regardless of genetics, choose friends because of common interests."

Now, what makes you think somebody wants to marry your daughter?



## N. Y. Poor Study Slum Clearance

## Slums Cleared for \$129 Flats

INCREASING INTEREST in the housing project for the Harlem Friendship House area is being shown. Mr. Harry Taylor, director of Slum Clearance for the City of New York, spoke at Friendship House in August. The desire for more information has reached such a peak that study and discussion groups within the neighborhood have begun under F. H. auspices. There is much to be learned in the New York housing picture, and relatively little time to absorb the knowledge—and yet make our findings effective.

Even though it may be that we can have little impact on the whole picture, the mere fact of cooperation and sharing of those things we can offer one another will be an even greater advance. In our busy spheres here in Harlem, it seems there is so little means for opportunity to work together and know each other better, we must be thankful for this chance, even though the circumstances are not ideal.

## "What Can I Do About It?"

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL characteristics of a large city is the apathy of its citizens. Caught in the whirlpool of material survival and intra-family social life, few manage to avoid the quagmire of complacency, and most become passive members of a subdued mass, malleable and molded into a pattern designed for sheep; receptive to every whim of the state. How disastrously common is the expression, "Yeah, but what can I do about it?", when a citizen is informed of legislation contrary to the welfare of the common good. Unfortunately true, there usually is little that can be done by the time the information is common knowledge and available for corporate action. When the interest is aroused, the legislation has been passed, and the individual citizen, frustrated after his rise to the brink of action, is forced to sulk back to his passive cave.

## 7400 Slum Families Must Leave IN NEW YORK, HOWEVER,

the opportunity for action on behalf of the citizen has presented itself—and in time! Early in August, Friendship House received information regarding the proposal of a housing project to be put up in the area in which the House is located. Though the general knowledge of a project speculated for the region was known, no particulars were included in the information. Fortunately, the New York Committee on Slum Clearance sent full details on the proposal in the middle of August. Much to the surprise of all, and the concern of most, it was found that the project will house middle-income families!

## \$29 A Room

PLANS CALL for the usual multi-storied dwelling, with apartment size ranging from three to five rooms—but at the rate of 29 dollars per room! This figure would place the average apartment at well over a hundred dollars per month. On

the basis of spending one-fourth of the total family income on rent, that average rental would allow, at most, one per cent of the families in the area economically eligible. A far cry from the needs of the 7,400 families affected by the development!

Imagine the attitude prevailing in the neighborhood at the realization that each person would have to move! In an effort to inform the people of the affected area, an open forum was held at which Mr. Harry Taylor, director of Slum Clearance for the city of New York, presided. In this talk Mr. Taylor gave a general outline of the developments already made in the city's re-housing plans, and of the tentatively planned projects of the future. At the time, circumstances did not allow for a close examination of the principles underlying the plans for middle-income housing in the area, nor were many other relevant questions answered. However, a greater result was obtained.

## City's Plans Examined

QUESTIONS, that if answered, would have rested contentedly, now serve as the basis for further and more penetrating investigation. Not that the inquiry into the housing picture is planned with the hope of finding scandal or miscarriage of justice, but with the intent of presenting a true and broad picture of the scope of the city's plans, and to analyze these plans in view of the common good.

Consider the following possibilities. Would the presence of a middle-income group, located strategically in an area of low-cost public housing, serve to preserve the area from falling into disrepair after 20 to 30 years?



And more importantly, could the income restrictions that necessarily go with this type of project be the basis for an interracial housing project? Recent investigations by the New York State Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, indicate an affirmative reaction to proposals for integrated middle income projects among prospective tenants. Is the latter consideration a factor in this case?

## Will Relocation Be Adequate?

AFFIRMATIVE ANSWERS to these important questions would support the city's plans to a marked degree, and would be a basis for cooperative sanction and support. However, if these factors are not being taken into account, nor adequate arrangements being made for the relocation of the present tenants in the area, action must be taken by the local citizens to protect their rights.

At present, the focal point of these actions, which now take the form of the investigation of facts, is centered about Friendship House. And many are the facts to be investigated. In the past, relocation was effected in the Riverton and Abraham Lincoln houses in a manner that did not completely satisfy. Though complete figures are not available now, the efficiency of the past movements must be brought to light to judge the probability of the future. These investigations, made for the benefit of the people, are participated in by the people. The list of applicants is still growing. In this manner, the findings are always at the disposal of all, and are common knowledge of the affected group.

When and if the time and need presents itself for positive action on this proposal, there will be an alerted group of civic minded New Yorkers ready to protect their rights in a balanced and intelligent fashion.

## Old Age—How to Enjoy It

THE PERFECT CHRISTIAN looks forward with hope to the day when he will lay aside the tools of his calling, having finished the work that God gave him to do. This work is partly the acquisition of moral virtues, partly the accomplishment of some little task in the vast work of the world, partly the endurance of trials. All these varied crafts of the active life stand in the way of enjoyment of the peace and quiet of contemplation. But they are working a transformation in the soul without which that peace and joy and quiet could not be an eternal possession. Furthermore, when the goal of the vision of God is kept constantly before the mind, old age that separates us from our work and the activities we have loved, has no terrors. It is the liberator that finally frees the soul even in this life to enjoy the vision of God, its eternal destiny. But in order that the cessation of external duties may be the spiritual opportunity that allows the soul to turn spontaneously to the contemplation of God, it is necessary that it should have labored long and suffered much in a life devoted to the service of God. Without an active life in the pursuit of virtue, guided for years by constant turning the gaze of the mind to the sublime heights of its final destiny, old age is the night that casts its pall over human hopes rather than the dawn of eternity. Let us work therefore while it is day, "for the night cometh where in no man can work." (John IX, 4.)\*

\*See next column right.

## Profile

## Carthusian in Vermont

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S native town, Whitingham, Vermont, will see for the first time the feast of St. Bruno celebrated on Oct. 6th with great thanksgiving by his Carthusian monks in their only monastery in the New World. They will celebrate the 850th anniversary of his entrance into eternal life. The chapel was dedicated on Christmas-Eve, 1950, to Our Lady of Bethlehem. The chapel was formerly the living room of Sky Farm.

Most influential, probably, in starting the foundation was Dom Pablo Maria Moore, professed Carthusian monk of Miraflores, Burgos, Spain. He was formerly Dom Thomas Verner Moore, O.S.B., head of the department of psychology and psychiatry at Catholic University. When he retired from teaching there at the age of 70 he went to the Spanish monastery. This quotation from his book on prayer\* seems to give his reason:

## Old Age Has No Terrors

"WHEN THE GOAL of the vision of God is kept constantly before the mind, old age, that separates us from our work and the activities we have loved, has no terrors. It is the liberator that finally frees the soul even in this life to enjoy the vision of God, its eternal destiny. But in order that the cessation of external duties may be the spiritual opportunity that allows the soul to turn spontaneously to the contemplation of God, it is necessary that it should have labored long and suffered much in a life devoted to the service of God."

Dom Moore's long life of teaching and writing many books in his field fulfill generously this condition. And his peaceful, happy face seems to reflect the peace and joy of Heaven. He is still writing, a new book of his coming out in the fall. *Ecclesiastical Review* is publishing an article of his answering some of Hilda Graef's criticisms of Therese Neumann.

## Asked for Carthusians

Providential circumstances seem to have accompanied the steps in bringing the Carthusians to America. During the Holy Year, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Hoguet broached the subject of a Carthusian foundation in America, at Dom Moore's request, to the Holy Father and to the Procurator General of the Carthusians in Rome and to the Rev. Father General of the Carthusians at the Grande Chartreuse in France. All were sympathetic. In 1950 Miss Elizabeth Pierce became a convert to Catholicism and desired to give her Vermont farm to a contemplative order. Bishop Edward Ryan of Burlington, Vermont, was most cordial to this idea. Rev. Francis McGinley of Archbold, Pa., received permission of Bishop Hafey of Scranton to work intensively to fulfill his 20-year-old dream of bringing the Carthusians to America.

The Rev. Father General commissioned the prior of the Charterhouse at Jerez, Spain, Rev. Luis Maria de Arteche, to come to America with Dom Moore to find out for the order the possibilities for vocations and financial support here. Father de Arteche decided the project was feasible. The new foundation was accepted by the Carthusian Chapter, attended by every prior in the order in April.

## La Grande Chartreuse

DOM MOORE'S NEW FAMILY, the Carthusians, are one of the most austere in the Church. They have never needed a reform. St. Bruno and six companions founded it in 1084 at La Grande Chartreuse near Grenoble in France. When reporters from the secular papers were told of the new American foundation they didn't see any news value in it until they found out that Chartreuse liqueur was made in the ancient monastery. It became famous through soldiers quartered in the monastery in 1848.

## Solitary with Community

CARTHUSIAN LIFE combines the solitary with the community life. Each monk lives alone in his small house in prayer and penance. He joins his brethren twice daily in the public performance of the Divine Office (vespers are at 3 P.M.) and at the conventual Mass (5:30 A.M.). Once a week they are together on a walk lasting three hours when they speak to each other on spiritual matters. How surprised Brigham Young would be to see these hooded men walking the beautiful countryside which he left to settle in Utah with his Mormon followers! The Carthusians never eat meat and they grow their own vegetables when they get fully established. The first martyr under Henry VIII was the Carthusian prior Blessed John Houghton.

## Pray for World

At Whitingham's Sky Farm, Dom Humphrey Pawsey of Parkminster, England, is superior. He is much younger than Dom Moore. He was in a concentration camp during the war. Unable to get back to his monastery immediately after the war, he worked with destitute people to alleviate their hardships. Brother Bede Saunders, a veteran of many years service in the Order, is also at Sky Farm. The three Carthusians are now receiving many applications. Some young men have already come and will later go to Europe for their novitiates. More buildings will be needed to house the community. A more fitting chapel will be needed for the glory of God. Certainly God and His friends will help in this great work of prayer and penance where Dom Moore and his brothers in Christ unite themselves to the sufferings of Our Lord dying on the cross and pray for the salvation of all mankind which is in such desperate conditions today.

\*PRAYER by Dom Thomas Verner Moore, O.S.B. Pub. by The Newman Book Shop, Westminster, Md., 1945.



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